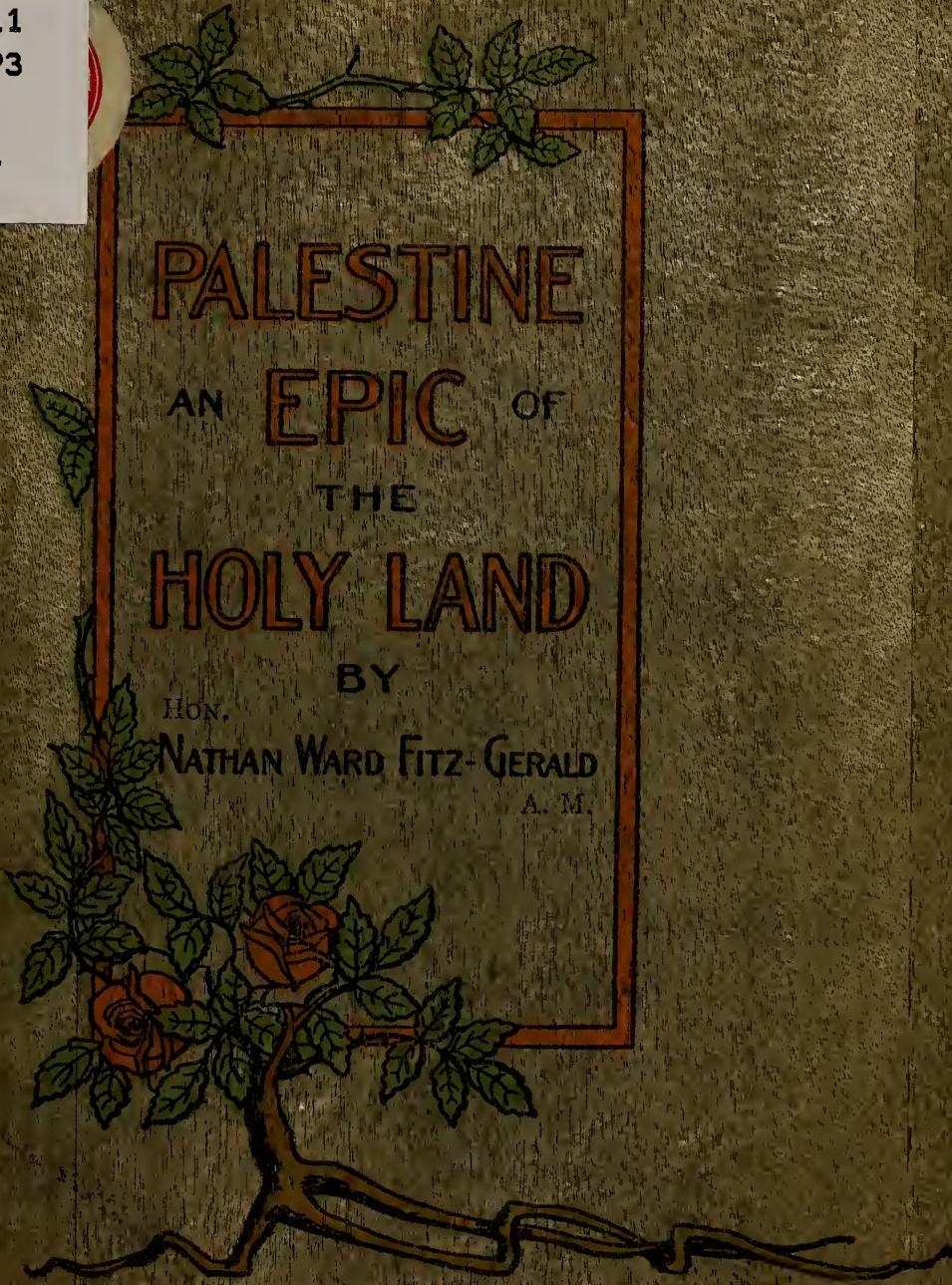
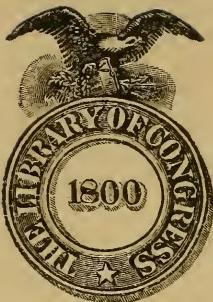


PS 3511
.I92 P3
1913
Copy 1

PALESTINE
AN EPIC OF
THE
HOLY LAND

BY
HON.
NATHAN WARD FITZ-GERALD
A. M.





Class PS 3511

Book I 92 P3

Copyright No. 1913

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

Palestine



Nathan Hard Fitz Gerald

PALESTINE

An Epic of the Holy Land

— BY —

Nathan Ward Fitz-Gerald, A. M.

BIBLE STORIES IN VERSE



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

— and printed by —

WOOD PRINTING & ENGRAVING CO.

San Antonio, Texas

The Author may be addressed at any time in care of his
printers, as above.

PS 3511
I 92 P3
1913

*Copyright 1913
All rights reserved*

\$1.00

© CLA 332533

DEDICATION

TO Miss Laura Clifford Barney, of Washington and Paris, a philanthropic Lady of high culture and extensive information, an authoress of wide renown, a linguist and a scholar, well known in both hemispheres, (being also a descendant of the Abrahamic race,) this Epic of "The Holy Land", is most respectfully dedicated to her, the aforesaid Lady, without even her knowledge or consent, by

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

IN this Epic of the Holy Land the Author has aimed to give in easy flowing measure, the Story of the Bible, pertaining to some of its most salient features, beginning with the Patriarchs and Prophets; and referring to some of the wonderful events in the career of the Nazarine; then picturing many of the phases in the life of its people down through long centuries; referring to the prophecies, of their future national rehabilitation when nations shall learn war no more; with the sword beaten into plow shares, and spears into pruning hooks, and naught to molest or make afraid.

The style and measure of *Gray's Elegy*, the classic of that immortal Bard, was adopted, and adhered to thruout, as the one best suited to such a subject. The Poem is matchless, in its rhythmic expression of the events pertaining to so lofty a theme, and its Author was TRULY the Amanuensis of SPIRIT in giving it expression, and claims no credit for originality, but regards himself merely the selected channel, chosen by spirit, to proclaim the *Epic* to all man's race. With unbounded faith in his mission to accomplish so great a work, he confidently submits its lines to the just discrimination of all Authors, Scholars and Poets, of every land and clime.

THE AUTHOR.

PALESTINE

BLEST Holy Land! It bears
a sacred name.

'Bout that best man, whose feet
earth ever trod.

My Muse! Come now, with light
of Heaven's flame,

Then it in Truth shall touch the
Ark of God.

MAY it, most reverent tribute
pay thy Shrine,

Though few the leagues within

thy widest bounds;

Thy space, marked on the globe

by boundary line,

Is small, but in it all of

Truth was found.

YEA e'en the grandest
empires earth has known,
Ne'er felt the griefs and glories
known to thee;
Thy records, from the lowly
hut to throne,
Reveal the truth that maketh
mankind free.

THY past, of yesterday's
historic lore,
Serves all the tender
ministries of life;
In it through love's and mem'ries
sacred store,
Its Mission is to heal
the world of strife.

ITS records of great prophets,
priests and Kings,
Of deeds and words, told in our
parents' way,
Holds yet the thoughts of wise
and old and sings,
Through all the years of time's
eternal day.

HER maiden dreams of days
that were to dawn,
Light Sweet Rebecca's face
beside the well,
Love's herald, one from far
away comes on;
She goes with him in strange far
lands to dwell.

To greet the bridal morn,
and husband's smile;

Leaves father's roof forever,
and its fold;

Proceeds with Herald many
a weary mile,

That she her lover's face
might first behold.

AND next of her first loved
but latest won,

By him the first to bear
proud Israel's name;

The loving Rachel, guarding
flocks alone,

The first one chosen, but the
last who came.

THRO' service long, twice
seven weary years,
Of Jacob's toil to gain her
heart and hand;
At life's sad close she sought
her grave in tears,
In sight of Bethlehem--her
native land.

OUR hearts as, this pathetic
tale is told,

In every clime o'er earth and

land and sea,

Are filled with grief—all ages

young or old,

All peoples, nations, races

bond or free.

THEN love's sweet page of
faithful, charming Ruth,
Gleaning through patient toil,
the fallen grain;
A woman pure in wisdom's
charms and truth,
Whose touching love, seems
almost kin to pain.

THROUGH her sweet loves,
supremest words—all time
Were spoke: and since then,
every wooer's speech
Is beggared by her words
of love sublime
That seem beyond poor common
mortal's reach.

IN Judah's land there, too, are
seen those dames
Of iron heart, of hammer
and of spear;
Judith and Jael, fierce and
deadly names:
Killed foes who slept, and never
knew a fear.

WE yet may trace in darker
out-lines still,
Ahabs dread Queen, whose name
stains all the years;
And Naboth's blood, which gave
to dogs their fill;
The stolen vineyard—and a
world of tears.

BUT when earth's noblest one
went forth to die,
No woman's lips gave forth
the taunt of scorn;
Nor woman's hand to wield the
lash on high,
Nor press upon his brow,
the crown—the thorn.

No woman's might to drive
thro' hands and feet,

The cruel nails, or thrust
the deadly spear,

Into his side: let us
again repeat,

No woman's hand was here,
no, no, not here.

THE Christ, by man betrayed,
by man denied,

Was e'er by woman loved,

by her adored;

She, last to leave her dead

at even tide,

And first at morn, to greet

the risen Lord.

* * * *

IN battle's rage thy strong man
rushes forth,

Armed with a jawbone, that
he wielded well;

The enemy succumbs and
falls to earth;

Then he soon falls a prey
to beauty's spell.

IN fair Delilah's smiles,
he basks, unwarned,
While all his strength,
is softly shorn away:
He soon perceives to what
extent he's harmed;
And waits with blinded eyes,
another day:

'TILL there shall grow, his
locks of strength again;

Then pulls the rock-built temples,

pillars down;

Expires, in midst of foes, 'mong

thousands slain;

A vict'ry worthy of a

victor's crown.

* * * * *

WE also read, of fair-haired
winsome lad,

From father's flocks to camps of
warriors brave;

Who from a babbling brook,
some pebbles had

Placed in his sling; a mighty
cause to save.

THE giant fell to rise on
earth no more;

The weaker arm was nerved to
win the fight.

It ever shall be thus
all nations o'er;

The wrong shall ever fall
before the right.

AND o'er thy distant past
the clouds hang low,
The lightning's flash, revealing
Gibeon's sword;
A down the stream of time, we
hear and know,
The thunders of Jehovah,
thro' his word.

AS when on Gideon's heights,
was conflict waged;
Joshua bidding the Sun and moon
stand still;
At his command they halt,
while battle raged;
Stood fixed—Ajalons vale,
and Gideon's hill.

WITH clashing swords and
loosened bows was rife,
The field thus bristling,
with its stabbing spears;
And victor's shouts, mingled
with ebbing life,
And lives gone out midst gaping
wounds and tears.

EARTH'S longest day at last
was changed to night,
And every foe that met
that morning's fray,
In death was stilled, or far
away in flight,
When rose the sun on next
succeeding day.

HER warriors brave as earth
hadst ever known,

Since mortal man with mortal man

e'er strove

For mas-ter-y of peoples

or a throne,

Or yet shall strive, till earth is

ruled by love.

TILL all the years of strife,
forever gone;

And all the implements of
war and hate,

Are forged for nobler use
when wars are done;

To plow and reap the harvests
of the State.

WHEN every race shall
dwell in tents of peace;
And if grave doubts along their
pathway rise,
Their Sages wisdom shall make
war to cease,
And view God's glory in a
Nation's eyes.

GOD'S wisdom doth from
misty lines divide,

Between the false and true,

and guides us still;

And teaches us in truth

to ere abide;

And thro' his law, to do our

FATHER'S will.

AND when earth's councils
meet in pomp so great,
To reconstruct the temple
of their laws,
Each statute, framed to build the
laws of State,
On Moses' code is based
for primal cause.

THE code of righteousness
from Moses' hand,

Thro' which all peoples' Nations

still are blest,

Was framed to meet the wants

of every land,

And golden rule is blazoned

on its crest.

THY Poets sang in measures
sweet and long;

And thro' the world, their echoes

grandly sweep

Down all the years, on star-

crowned heights of song:

Made millions, on old earth,

rejoice or weep.

THE sweetest strains that
mortal lips ere sung,
Were heard in Judah's land,
mid strifes and wars,
And sweeter than the words
of lips or tongue,
Or voice-less music, of the
morning stars.

THRO' Heaven's high change-
less one, thy prophets wrote,
Who knew all future, and all
past as well;
And saw thro' thrice a thousand
years just note;
Their visions do these latter
days foretell.

THE day springs crescent
flame, their eyes saw true;
A-down long years, as thousands
drifted by,
The tears of grief on cold dead
faces view;
All this and yet didst know,
their God was nigh;

AND borne upon love's
wing-ed words, we hear

Sweet notes of joy, when winters
days are o'er;

Mid songs of birds and victors
hymns of cheer,

Like joyous laughter's peals,
on wings to soar.

B^{EYOND} the vale whereon
death's shadow lies,
Thy prophets rested, on the arm
that leads;
The fetters of the grave,
asunder flies;
And in the stars, his destiny,
man reads.

H E clasps the hands of loved
ones waiting there,

And balm of leaves, from life's
immortal tree,

Heals every hurt of grief of pain,
despair;

While truth spreads out afar
o'er every Sea.

WHOSE rippling waves,
like mingled glass with fire,
Spread out o'er plains of formless
earth and clod,
And all the souls of earth,
redeemed, as-pire
To drink from living springs,
near throne of God.

* * * *

WE read of old, there stood
on mountain crest,

The “prophet guide,” who saw
unrolled afar,

Cross Jordan’s stream, the
promised land of rest;

Just one long glimpse, thence did
his sight debar.

One glimpse, then turned away
to look no more,

And found a grave, not made
by mortal hand,

Not seen by human eye,
ah, never more,

The prophet's viewless grave,
near "Promised Land."

A DOWN the stream of

Jordan's rocky way,

From Hermon's Mount to Sea

of Gal-i-lee,

Where fishers' nets are spread

along today,

Yea, downward still—where

Sodom used to be:

AND old "Gomorrah," too,
both under waves,
That roll, 'neath pitying stars,
that shine on high,
O'er the curst cities,
in their watery graves,
Forever hid, from gaze of
human eye.

TIS now small stream, a
mighty brook, scarce more;
Upon its breast no sea-borne
commerce floats;
Its waves no barges plow—
a barren shore;
A stream where boys might play,
with rafts and boats.

IN thoughts that sometimes
sway the souls of men,

It seems to flow, twixt lands of
faith and doubt,

Or sweeps the bounds of earth and
Heaven, then;

It puts the Amazons of time—
to rout.

* * * *

IN Judah's land held sacred
whole earth round,
All kindred's tongues and races,
bond or free,
The works of God's own precious
son, were found;
His words revealing truth,
that all may see.

AS sorrow's child he knew both
grief and woe;

And from his crucifix

there reaches now,

His dear hand out, in all this

world below,

To soothe and comfort every
aching brow.

REBUKING those whose lives

were living lies,

And scorning those who trampled

on the poor,

Or saw the “motes” in other

people’s eyes,

(But not “beams” in their own)

we may be sure.

THESE whited Sepulchers—
false lives—deceit:
Rebuked with words, like viper's
fangs that sting,
Made record, of their wrong spent
lives complete,
That through all ages since,
is heard to ring.

WITH knotted cords, from
temple of most high,
He sternly drove the money
changers forth;
But quick to hear the faintest
human cry,
His heart went out to all the
sons of earth.

HE healed disease of ev'ry
form and name;

The deaf were made to hear,

the blind to see;

The lepers cleansed, and ev'ry
kind of claim:

To all he spoke the truth
and set them free.

THE sinner, too, He cleansed

by spoken word:

He raised the dead, did from

the coffin save;

He said to Lazarus, "Come forth,"

he heard,

Arose at once, and came from

out the grave.

THE widow's son, Jairius'
daughter, too,

Restored to life, by Christ,

GOD'S CHOSEN ONE,

Who said, these works

His followers, should do;

And greater, through believers,

should be done.

AND little children often to
him came,
On whom his pity fell
like Hermon's dews;
On erring sons of men. The weak,
the lame,
To them the needed help,
did ne'er refuse.

No chiding word was ever
heard to fall
From Jesus' lips, to those
in woman's form;
“Neither do I condemn thee,”
that was all;
“Go sin no more,” and you are
safe from harm.

THUS spake the Christ to one
who strayed aside
Like some plumed bird, from
happy leafy nest;
In mire and dirt, its brilliant
plumes to hide;
In ways of wrong, that always
bring un-rest.

BY sinful, wicked men, she
was accused,

Whose hearts ~~H~~e searched, with

keen and biting truth;

To answer him, they silently
refused;

And from his presence shrank,
abashed, forsooth.

THEN trembling stood the
culprit, all alone,
And on her head sweet words of
mercy fell,
“Go thou in peace, and sin no more,
—atone”;
(That’s what he said or meant),
and all is well.

O F all earth's myriad souls,
this Prince of God,
Unmatched in chivalry,
in love supreme;
No purer, better one,
earth ever trod:
His burden was forgiveness,
it doth seem.

THE proudest badge that
earth's poor mortals wear,
Was once the cross, from which
his spirit passed;
The crown that mocked his brow.

and golden hair,
Is greatest diadem, of all
earth hast.

SO poor in life, He owned
no resting place;

Now, earth is filled with temples
for His praise,

In death 'tween thieves, was meant
for His disgrace;

But millions fought for tomb,
in later days.

GREAT marshalled hosts, the
crusades war didst wage

From many lands and climes, to
wrest His grave

From land of infidels, through
long, dark age;

O'er which their flag in triumph,
still doth wave.

HIS standard floats above
Imperial Rome;

But not o'er “David's City” of

“Great King”,

Doth she still wait alone,

His coming “Home”?

“Till Shiloh's Bride,” shall make

the welkin ring?

SOME claimed that Christ
would be Judea's King;
To free her land from Caesar's
iron sway;
And would the Kingly crown of
David bring
His false accusers, charged this
in his day.

BY Roman laws in Roman
Court, 'twas tried;
A Roman Judge announced the
sad decree;
'Twas Roman thorns and nails
and spear for side:
His soul was launched from
Roman cross or tree.

THE seamless garb that
wrapped his human form,
Was portioned off, by Roman dice
there thrown;
And Pilate, with his crafty
smile of scorn,
In pretense, washed his hands
when deed was done.

MADE bold to charge the
crime, 'gainst Judah's race;
And that foul seed sown in the
soil of time,
Has grown through all the years
still grows apace;
Its yield is tears and shame,
in every clime.

IN all the ages since,
its upas bloom,
Has poisoned fairest lands
beneath the sun;
Stains Russia's snows today,
with blood and gloom;
Spares not the aged, nor the
little one.

WHAT heinous wrongs, long
years have piled on thee;

Thy God who sees, with sleepless
eye may know;

Few lifted voices, hands
thro' epochs we;

See in defense; as ages
onward flow.

THE torches lighted at thine
altar fires,
Were tossed as burning brands
around the world;
Yea, far and wide, dread dragon
teeth of wars,
In every land where Jews didst
live, were hurled.

EARTH'S arm-ed hosts rushed
forth to seize the prey;
Mohammed's Hordes, from dark
Arabia's sands,
Invoked the name of God,
to maim and slay,
The scattered homeless ones
from Judah's lands.

ON every Jewish head, was
set a price;

Their foes, from every
earthly quarter, came;

The earth was drenched in blood,
for love of Christ;

'Twould flush the prince of devils
cheek, with shame.

THO' thro' all earth known
lands, their homes are made;
But like that form of life,
that takes its hue
From trees or rock whereon
it rests; each shade
It rests upon, becomes
its color true:

BUT otherwise, remains
thereafter still—

Unchanged; and so do they,
adopt such dress,

Habits and styles, as those
with whom they dwell;

And to discern their race,
'twould be a guess.

THEY think and speak and
learn, in alien tongues;
And yet are sons of
Abraham, alway;
Their curses, thro' all lands,
are voiced, and rung;
And ere have been, since
crucifixion day.

“CHRIST-KILLERS,” dealers
in old clothes, refuse:

Insulting epithets on
ev’ry hand;

To them some well known,
Christian people use;

These terms of hate, reproach,
in ev’ry land.

BUT fair to look upon,
thy daughters are,
In grace and charms, of
noble womanhood.
In slums, disgrace and brothels,
seldom there,
But pure and chaste and true,
among the good.

TIS said when master workman,
made earth, sun:—

When all its new-crowned
beauties, round him lay,

Before His Sabbath rest,
from toil was done;

He left the gates of Heaven
ajar, that day:

THEN "Mother love," the
tenderest thought of Him;

There, nestling in a woman's heart,
was found,

And linked with man's, filled
measure to the brim:

And since has filled old earth,
the world around.

FROM man's first breath, until
her days are o'er,
He needs no earthly balm, to bind
his wound:
None ere but mothers, on this
mundane shore,
For none like hers, who loved
him first, is found.

* * * *

THINE eager sons, the world
around are known;

Their eagle faces, throng the

marts of trade;

Earth's jewels, diamonds, gold

and precious stone,

Are owned by Jews, of ev'ry

class and grade.

THEY hold in grasp, the
treasures of each land
'Tis thro' their hands, earths
streams of gold are poured;
And mighty Empires, Kingdoms
great and grand,
Must come to them—where earth's
great wealth is stored:

AND bring the bonds, those
yet unborn, shall pay;

Ere sword is drawn, or shot
of mighty gun

Is heard around the world,

some sudden day,

When carnage 'tween two nations
has begun.

IMMORTAL race, none like it
e'er before;

Has lived five thousand years,

yea, never dies;

Accurst, peeled, scattered, haled
all countries o'er;

No pity ever found,

to heed their cries:

AND yet has lived, survived
thro' all the days,
That reach from Jacob down,
five thousand years;
And left their mark, with
stamped impress always,
Mid persecutions, wars,
oppressions, tears.

THROUGH all the years,
some genius of their race
Has risen high above
earth's gentile brood;
Stands out like "Beaconsfield,"
with shining face,
And mid earth's storms and trials,
stands for good.

OUR thoughts just now span
thro' five thousand years;
From Jacob's son, to England
in our day;
From Joseph to Disraeli,
both great seers,
Through whom we see, God ever
led the way.

A ROUND the world by
fireside, tale is told,
Of Jacob's sons—en route for
Egypt's grain;
And how by them was youngest,
(Joseph) sold,
For stated sum, to Ishmaelites,
for gain.

THE youthful dreamer, soon
was found to stand
By Pharaoh's throne, to where
he dreamed his way;
Became that Monarch's guide,
for Egypt's land;
Through troublous times and
famine, in that day.

WHEN rain came not, and
dews had ceased to fall;

And famine reigned, in Jacob's
country sore;

'Twas told, "There's corn in Egypt,
'nough for all";

And thousands hastened there,
to lay in store.

FROM Canaan far, came
Joseph's brothers then,
From withered fields, and
starving flocks of kine;
Thro' weary lands they came,
these famished men;
With gold, to purchase food, and
corn and wine.

AND there, they found the
prince of Egypt's land
Was Joseph, whom they once
had sold as slave;
These strange events, were
guided by God's hand;
From great distress, his famished
ones to save.

FIRST exile of his race,
his fame is spread
Beyond the everlasting
hills of time;
Another one, who sleeps,
with England's dead,
Was great premier, Disraeli,
man sublime!

HE stood beside earth's
greatest throne, as guide
To Queen of greatest empire,
man has made;
His power was greater than
all men beside;
Dwarfed, Gentile Peers, and laid
them in the shade.

* * * *

ROUND Oceans' shores, in all
earth's regions known,

No foot of land now claims

Judea's sway,

No sails or flag, on any
breezes blown;

Or ship on earth, belongs
to her today.

BUT in the unseen kingdoms
of the soul,

Her throne is built, where proudly

rests her crown;

And o'er her spirit empire,

ages roll,

And will continue through

the ages down:

'TILL all earth's sons, of ev'ry
race and clime,
Till every soul, born since earth's
morning hour,
Is through rebirth, and spirit
growth in time;
Reflecting God, in wisdom,
life and power.

FROM Holy men of old,
through Palestine,
Their thoughts, didst light the
path, adown the years;
The path that leads to God,
in straightest line,
From carnal life, from sin,
disease and tears.

THEIR words from Him, are
woven in our speech;
They come as light and truth,
on ev'ry wave;
Above the low baptismal fount
they reach;
Bind marriage vows, and stand
beside the grave.

TEAR-BLINDED eyes, can
see beyond the tomb
To mansions in the happy
summer-land;
Where all earth's children, will
at last find room,
In life of growth and progress,
ever grand.

EARTH'S wearied children,
seek in many ways,
Thro' creeds and sects, that sever
man from man;
In hopes and fears, strive for
unending days;
But life immortal, is for all,
God's plan.

IN Palestine was first

revealed to man,

The first faint glimpse of God,

Eternal one,

Who sends the spring time and

the harvest grand,

The treasures of the earth,

and rain and sun.

SENDS gorgeous visions,
of the changing year,
And tints the petals,
of the opening rose,
Paints sunset glories,
on the skies so clear,
And wafts His love, on ev'ry
breeze that blows.

GOD spoke, and lo from out
this void of time,

The orb of day, in all its
glory shows;

And earth whereon God's works
revealed, sublime;

And sister worlds, that gem
the night arose.

LIKE bees that fly from
flower, bloom to bloom,
His blazing comets flit
across the sky;
Each bearing rays of light,
through paths of gloom,
To yield results, through
ages by and by.

HE forms the whirling star-dust into worlds,
And scatters blazing suns throughout all space;
While circling planets, each on axis whirls,
With each through law, forever in its place.

BEYOND the stars, where
worlds are lost to sight,
Still there is found, God's truth
and mercy seat;
That rule His universe
from earth'rest night,
And glows in earth's green carpet,
at our feet.

WHEN earth's and heaven's
scroll of time is read;

And great e-ter-ni-ty,
forever done;

God's care still lasts for all
earth's living, dead;

For all, both young and old,
yea, every one.

THE Gods of Greece are gone,
like vanished dream;

Gone, yea! the shrine, of once
the mighty Jove.

Dark Isis reigns no more,
on Egypt's stream;

But Israel's God, still reigns,
the God of love.

FAIR Palestine still stands
beside the Sea;
Conquered by Babylon,
and Egypt yea;
And her great walls of pride,
that used to be;
Were felled by Titus, when
old Rome held sway.

THE fierce barbarians took
thy land by sword;

And captured all thy sons,
in cruel war;

And sold thy daughters down,
to nameless word;

And Judah's harps were hung,
on willows far.

THROUGH far off lands, thy
scattered children wail
Among the sons of men,
a homeless race;
Thy name with curses yet,
do men assail;
In many lands and almost
ev'ry place.

THY neck in ev'ry land,
bears alien yoke;

And Moslem's hoof, is on
thy soil today;

Where once in Temple's Halls,
thou didst invoke
The name of God, in peace and
praise, alway.

WHERE sunbeams then,
 flashed from its roofs of gold;

Now base-born Janizaries,
 scoff thy name;

And ragged beggars, far from
 Christian fold,

Make light of ev'ry Christian
 work, or claim.

UPON the stone, that seals
Judea's tomb,
In many folds, long centuries
are laid;
From earth's far ends, thy children
yet shall come,
With faith like rock, of which thy
hills are made.

THEY yet shall hear thy
Shilohs' homeward call;
When by thy mount, the great
law-giver stands;
With Judah's hosts returned then
one and all;
From scattered homes, from exile,
all earth's lands.

SOON 'neath wide brooding
wings of cherubim,
The presence of Shekinah comes
once more;
A Moses, in this age of
twilight dim,
To lead thee to the Promised
land's great shore.

GONE now thy dreams, with
tidings from on high;

The visions gone, thy children
once didst see;

And mourning all these evil
days, with sigh,

With lifted hands, we pray
this prayer, for thee:

PRAYER.

O H, thou Jehovah God, who
from of old,
Didst Israel guide, by moving
cloud by day
And fire by night, in pillars,
we are told;
Hear us, oh God, for Judah's
land we pray.

THY hand built watery walls,
on either side,
Ledst Judah's feet, dry shod,
across the Sea;
And smote the King Sennech'rib,
in his pride;
And made his shattered hosts,
from sight to flee.

THY stricken children, heal
them, Lord, again;
And to them be, their falchion
and their shield.
The barbed and poison shafts of
hate and pain,
May they be turned; none to them
hence to yield.

LIFT up their hearts, oh God,
from carnal thing;

And lead their thoughts again,
to love of thee;

And when the fullness of the
years shall bring,

From out-most isles and countries
over Sea

THINGS strange from far
may Israel's race, returned,
Once more abide within their
father's land;
And may they all, from lessons
fully learned,
Dwell there, be fed, by thine own
bounty grand,

ON corn and wine, grapes
purpling in the sun

That shines on hills and vales,

of PALESTINE.

Give them again, we pray thee,

every one,

The “Holy vision,” and the

dream divine.

THAT Daniel knew, as captive
foreign land;
Or Jacob saw, where Nile's grand
river runs;
And there to give his last of
earth's command,
Called round his couch of death,
his many sons.

TEACH them, oh God, that
worship pleasing thee,
Must come from lives, that strive
to thee obey;
That temples builded for thy
praise, shouldst be
The contrite heart, as taught
by Christ—His day:

THAT noblest off'ring, on
thine altars laid,
Is still the kindly deed,
in kindness done;
Makes purer incense, too,
of higher grade,
Than any other worship,
'neath the Sun.

BRING promised years of
peace, that wait with Thee;
When nations war no more,
God speed the time
And when Thy will is done
o'er land and sea;
And none shall be afraid,
in any clime.

AND when earth's days, of
time and change, are gone,
And mighty firmament, shall
pass away;
Like garments that are laid aside
and done,
Made white, from ev'ry stain,
of earthly clay.

SAVED thro' the dear example,
of thy son;

May Jews and Gentiles,

gather home to dwell!

In that fair City, may they,

be as one,

And know thro' all the ages—

ALL IS WELL.

Finis.

FEB 18 1913

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 908 325 1